the House in rubber gloves and a surgical mask, the "front line worker." Jack wiped his nose on his hand, then wiped his hand on the door-knob when he turned it to enter the office. Babs shuddered to think what she might touch with her bare hand.

She used to bring Jack's urine-filled cups and glasses into the office and deposit them on top of the "meds" cabinet. They were the murder weapons from the crime scene. They were "Exhibit A." She'd photograph them and staple the photograph beside his entry in the common long. Then she'd leave them on top of the "meds" cabinet. She had peculiar notions of where things belonged.

Adam used to knock over the glasses when he faxed our time-sheets to Head Office. He'd swear at Babs, call her a clown, and threaten to write an entry in the common log forbidding her to bring any more of Jack's urine into the office. I think Babs's obsessiveness overcame her aversion to filth.

I used to leave my knapsack in the corner between the "meds" cabinet and the wall on which we hung our coats. It has been anointed more than once with Jack's spilled urine. I don't know what the fuss was about. Worse things are transmitted by air. We inhaled the effluvia of one another's lungs, and bowels. Adam wasn't the only one with bad gas. Alice stuffed herself then released a rouser in the office that made me check the garbage for something burning. The